

*...april 23, 1994...*

*it is time to pack away  
the books i never read –  
dishes that i never used  
and excess cutlery –*

*suitcases collect in clothes  
that i might wear again –  
boxes fill in ornaments  
with window plants passed on –*

*it is time to close the doors  
on half-assed yesterdays –  
to take the pictures from the walls  
and hide them frames away –*

*the garden that once called me  
like an omnipresent friend  
knows that i will not be here  
to meet another spring –*

*the doors know that i'm leaving –  
the windows close their eyes –  
the wind pulls me towards a road  
that i have never seen –*

*i talk into a darkness  
of half-forgotten fires  
and watch mirror reflections  
hint at strange tomorrows –*

*i do not know which doorway  
prepares the opening –  
i only know that winter's close  
will find me moving on.*

